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Wine Journey: Tasting Dwelling Learning

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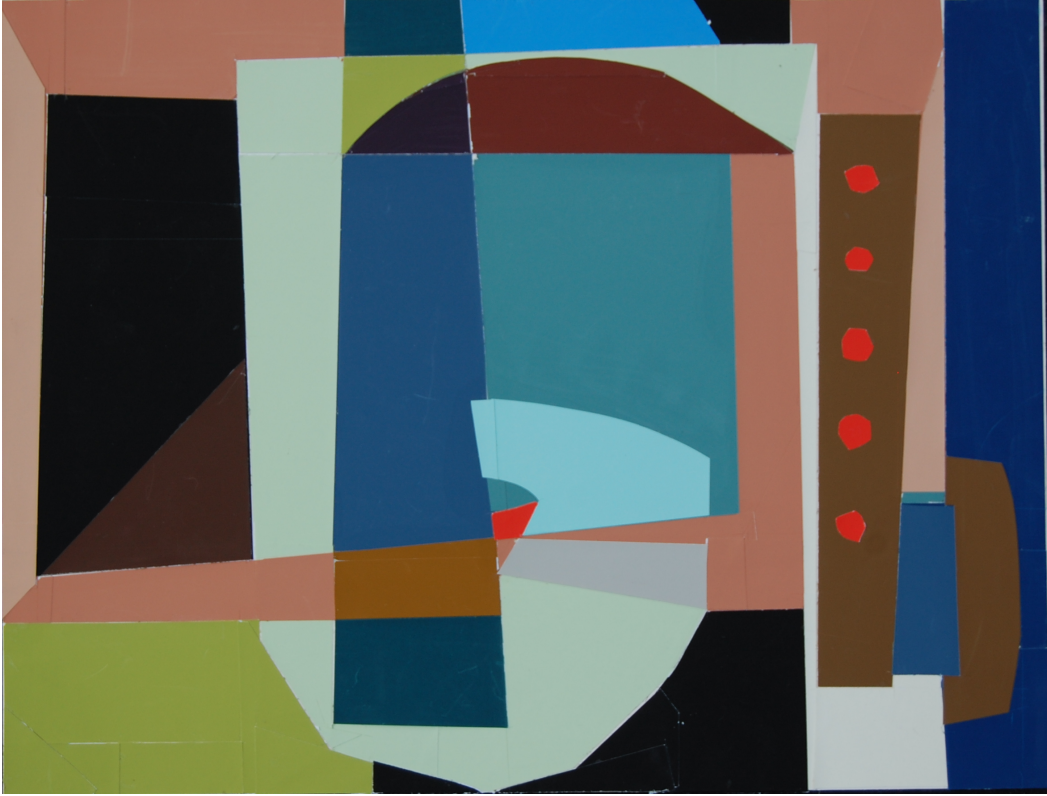
III. Tasting Dwelling Thinking

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Chapter Three

TASTING

DWELLING

THINKING

It started simply enough. Wanting something not yet tasted I brought from the cellar a barely 6-year old 2009 *Fattoria di Felsina Berardenga Chianti Classico*. Had it turned the corner into its optimal drinking window? Six years is usually a bare minimum for these wines to get through their early awkwardness while reports said the 2009's were early-maturing. A pleasant surprise, it was delightful. Chianti aroma and taste as well as the harmonious, full-spectrum profile one expects even from an entry-level Felsina Chianti were all in place. Based on that experience I opened on the next opportunity a 2009 *Badia a Coltibuono*. Historically slow to evolve, it was, as well, in its early maturity — presenting its own classic form of Chianti Classico. Its angularity and deeper tone disclosed Gaiole origins in contrast to its cousin from close-by Castelnuovo Berardenga. Both were quite simply spot on, as good as Chianti Classico can be. If only things were that simple!



Normally taste experiences like these are catalogued by memory and used as needed. What has happened, however, is that the *presence* of those tastes lingered far longer than expected. By contrast, two other wines, a 1982 *Bartolo Mascarello Barolo* and a 1994 *Marcarini Barolo Brunate* also persist in my memory. They do not, however, linger in precisely the same ways. A *Bartolo Mascarello Barolo* from a superb vintage in the late stages of peak drinkability could have, and did in fact provide the rare opportunity for contemplation I associate with special fine wines. I knew this was possible although not something one can expect. The lingering presence of that experience, the lingering memory of the taste itself is no surprise. Had I tasted this bottle a few years earlier it could easily been discussed in Ch. 1 or Ch. 2. The 1994 *Marcarini Brunate* had its own presence. It was my first experience with a Marcarini wine after Elvio Cogno left in 1990 and started his own *azienda agricola*. The 1994 vintage was possibly the most difficult in the Langhe during the last 25 years of the millenium. Utterly fascinating! It had the classic mature Barolo bouquet and taste with no conspicuous elements of that vintage. Difficulties of the vintage were present only in the diminished quantity and duration of the bouquet and taste. Vermeer's *The Little Street*¹ instead of *The View of Delft*, a difference of scale much more than of quality. As a clear reassurance of the approach of the new regime at a respected producer it is not surprising to have that taste experience linger. While remembering these distinct Barolo experiences makes perfect sense, my response to the Chianti Classicos brings forth no obvious explanation.



Almost all wines make an impression that gradually fades. replaced by impressions from more recent wines. This should have happened with those simple Chiantis. Because they did not leave the stage as expected I began to wonder why, to ask what else is woven into this unusual experience? Was something calling to me not to let this disappear without further attention? Several modern German philosophers, through devoting much thought to aesthetics, give useful suggestions. Kant and his "student" Schopenhauer insisted that in order to understand how we apprehend things we need to consider the qualities of the thing being apprehended as well as the qualities of the one

¹ Johannes Vermeer artist QS:P170,Q41264, Johannes Vermeer - The Little Street - WGA24617, marked as public domain, more details on Wikimedia Commons

who apprehends. In the cases of these basic Chiantis, while they were certainly good wines there was nothing that distinctly elevated them in terms of how they tasted. Those Barolos did have beautiful tastes worthy of meditation and discussion.

Kant and Schopenhauer, thinking about the experience of the Beautiful, asked what enables us to make the judgment that *The View of Delft* is Beautiful. They asked about the *cognitive* conditions that make aesthetic *judgments* possible. Since neither Chianti was judged to be Beautiful in the sense of Kant or Schopenhauer, the case at hand is different. There appears to be something else in the tasting of those wines that revealed itself cryptically in a request for attention. This call for attention differs from usual experiences with fine wines. I know a significant amount about all four wines in terms of denomination of origin, producer history and vintage characteristics. In the case of the Barolos, fascination with them arises in direct connection to my knowledge of them. With the Chiantis I wondered, *What am I missing?* Some poems capture the singularity of a moment or experience and I wondered if there was a connection to such poetry in this lingering taste. This perplexity invited a turn to a 20th century thinker, Martin Heidegger. Writing about Nietzsche, Heidegger suggested that every thinker has one and only one thought; a thought so rich it cannot be exhausted. Turning that observation around towards Heidegger himself, *his* one thought is *the forgetting / oblivion of Being*, (*Seinsvergessenheit*).

Bauen Wohnen Denken (Building Dwelling Thinking), a public lecture during the post-WWII challenges of reconstruction, provides a helpful example of Heidegger exploring the *forgetting of Being*. There is no difficulty imagining crucial sociological, architectural questions about what kinds of buildings were needed. Should they focus on single-or multiple-family housing, centralized or decentralized business or industrial sites, mixed use or single-purpose structures? The list of such questions was long and was of deep interest to those attending his lecture at the Darmstadt Symposium II "Man and Space" in 1951. There are likewise normal questions about fine wine. The 82 Bartolo Mascarello label says that the wine was produced from the *vigneti di Canubbi, Ruè, S.Loreno and Torriglione*. Marcarini bottled a single-vineyard 1982 Brunate (and a La Serra). Blends from several vineyards were the practice still followed by most in Barolo in 1982. Naming the vineyards in the blend is a curious mixing of tradition and modern approaches, especially for Bartolo Mascarello who later was celebrated as leader of the traditionalists in Barolo. The obvious, normal wine question is how did a blend turn out 33 years later? The Bartolo Mascarello and the Marcarini Brunate are two of the best 82 Barolos of my experience. Other superb 82's include single-vineyard wines: Aldo Conterno Bussia Soproana, Cordero di Montezemolo Enrico VI, as well as blends from Giacomo Conterno and Filippo Sobrero, neither listing vineyards. Clearly these wines demonstrate the success of each approach. In 2010, Barolo officially established 181 MGA's (*menzione geografiche aggiuntive* – additional geographic mentions). The listing of vineyards in a blend used by Mascarello is no longer permitted. Blends are still permitted and may qualify for one of 11 village MGA's or simply be called Barolo. The question persists whether *cru* or vineyard blends produce the better wines in Barolo or in other areas such as Hermitage in France. This question is specific, obviously, to a few vineyard areas and more broadly is part of the widespread on-going discussions about *terroir*. They represent one critical kind of questioning about wine. There are other questions that also define the current landscape of discussion. Most recently *how* one *describes* the taste of a wine has been receiving much attention. As important as these questions clearly are they do not provide help for me with those Chianti Classicos.

Remembrance, *andenkendes Denken*

Heidegger began *Bauen Wohnen Denken* by clarifying *his* task: *to try to think about Building* rather than to discover architectural, sociological or engineering ideas. He wanted to trace *Building* back into the realm to which everything that *is* belongs. He asked two questions:

1. What is it *to dwell*?
2. How does building belong to *dwelling*?

My task is to try to think about Tasting not in the ways we usually do but rather to follow along lines similar to Heidegger's. I would like to try to trace Tasting back into the realm to which everything that *is* belongs. Accordingly my questions are:

1. What is it *to dwell*?
2. How does tasting belong to *dwelling*?

When Heidegger speaks of *trying* to think about *Building* he means quite intentionally that tracing building back to its origin is not something that comes about easily. This is because our usual ways of thinking get in the way. He was committed to trying to retrieve forms of thinking that have been lost through *forgetting*. The thinking that seeks to decide what kind of buildings we should construct and how we should construct them and the thinking that seeks to determine what kinds of wines we should produce and how we can produce them (e.g., from single-vineyard sources or from blends) both represent the pervasive kind of western thinking. If we pause and notice that we pursue these usual paths of thinking automatically rather than by intention it is possible to wonder, Heidegger suggested, whether we might have forgotten other kinds of thinking.

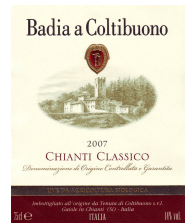
A recently opened 1997 Andrea Sottimano Barbaresco Fausoni Vigna del Salto received a sniff before I poured any. It tellingly had no *bouquet* and bouquet is the expected, first distinct quality of top Nebbiolo wines. Was it still immature? Early in the first sip there was a note of the classic Nebbiolo taste. Instead of blossoming into the full spectrum one expects, the taste morphed into a thick, heavy vinosity lacking any indication of where the wine came from or the grape(s) in it. As I explored the wine (with roast leg of lamb) the lack of bouquet and taste characteristic of Barbaresco persisted. Wondering about this first experience of a wine from Sottimano quickly engaged mental analytics done by what Kant calls the *Understanding*. Having written a review² of Kerin O'Keefe's *Barolo and Barbaresco: The King and Queen of Italian Wines* I recalled her saying Sottimano started out as a passionate Modernist during the (End of the Millennium) Barolo Wars. As such his winemaking produced high-extraction wines aged in small, new oak barrels. This 1997 was a clear presentation of how those practices resulted in the wine I was tasting. O'Keefe also reported that Sottimano's passion for quality has since 2004 steadily turned his winemaking to practices resulting in *terroir*-driven wines of great beauty. The crucial point here is that *my* thought process came as a matter of course to me and appropriately explained the wine in my glass. My list of top 1982 Barolos presented earlier, like all making of lists of the best (with or without points assigned) is a perfectly normal way of making sense of the world of fine wine.

Heidegger was interested, by contrast, in thinking rooted in remembrance, *andenkendes Denken*. This is Thinking of a different kind. On the one hand we wish to remember specific things and devote effort to the task. We construct mnemonic devices to preserve what we want or need to remember. On the other hand, there are things that

² Taylor, Charles S. (2015). "[Barolo and Barbaresco: the King and Queen of Italian Wine](https://doi.org/10.1080/09571264.2015.1009016)". *Journal of Wine Research*. **26** (1): 66–68. doi:10.1080/09571264.2015.1009016.

we remember, it might be said, spontaneously. Such memories preserve themselves. Proust's *madelaine* dipped in lime-blossom *tisane* preserved itself. The memory of those two Chianti Classicos is not something I told myself I wanted to preserve. Independent of my intentions they have not disappeared. I do *want* to remember the taste of that 82 Mascarello because it was, as the last of one of the best Barolos I have tasted, deeply significant. Indeed I *want* to remember the taste of the 94 Marcarini as what can be achieved from a difficult year. And I actually *want* to remember the taste of the 97 Sottimano albeit as an example of what happens when wine-making is driven by concepts more than taste. Typically one writes notes as an *aide-mémoire* in such cases. I tried taking notes years ago but soon abandoned the practice. I have a memory for tastes that curiously preserves the taste experience itself and I rely on those memories rather than written notes. This is not something I control. I do not remember the taste of every wine but the tastes of some remain in my memory as a taste experience. It is much closer to Proust remembering his summers in Combray after smelling that *madeleine* dipped in *tisane*. The memory arises without prodding. Moreover, those tasting notes I did write were, on re-reading, different from the taste itself. *Andenkendes Denken* is, for Heidegger, thinking that both remembers and responds to what is remembered.

One way we respond to what is remembered can be a reaching back into what was once present. The most significant thing about the experience of tasting that Badia a Coltibuono Chianti was indeed the very *presence* of the taste. And I mean by this the taste itself as a very specific taste. It is a taste of the whole as one thing. We *can* reach back into the truth of what was present. This reaching back was for Heidegger a way of tracing building back into the domain to which everything that is belongs. *What is*, everything *that is*, appears to us in some presence. That domain to which everything that is belongs is called *Being*. Talking about Being may seem the most abstract thing one can imagine yet it turns out to be the most concrete. That concreteness is preserved by remembrance. Reaching back into something remembered because its presence calls to us does happen, Heidegger noted, in poetry. Thinking in poetry can arise out of remembering something in its *presence*, something that was. Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–1889) reached back to the presence of a “desirable sight” in *Moonrise June 19, 1876*:



I awoke in the Midsummer not to call night, in the white and the walk of the morning:
The moon, dwindled and thinned to the fringe of a finger-nail held to the candle,
Or paring of paradisaical fruit, lovely in waning but lustreless,
Stepped from the stool, drew back from the barrow, of dark Maenefa the mountain;
A cusp still clasped him, a fluke yet fanged him, entangled him, not quite utterly.
This was the prized, the desirable sight, unsought, presented so easily,
Parted me leaf and leaf, divided me, eyelid and eyelid of slumber.

Poetry of this kind has a double significance. On the one hand Heidegger was particularly focused on the role language plays in this reaching back into the presence of what is. The presence of *what is calls to us*, makes an appeal, *Zurufen* in German. If we learn to respond to this call we may begin to have access to the truth of things. The language of this authentic thinking is poetic, Heidegger thought, not because it was in verse but rather because it is a saying of truth. Such saying of truth is an un-concealment of the presence of what is, a rising moon for Hopkins.

Truth as Unconcealment, *Alitheia*

This brings us to the second way poetry is significant for us. Heidegger's insight that truth involves unconcealment is found in the ancient Greek word for truth, *alitheia*. *Alitheia* means literally the removing of a veil. Hopkins' poem shares an experience of

unconcealment. Modern words for truth – *Wahrheit, verité* – do not have this sense of unconcealment. They focus instead on forms of correctness or conformity with fact. Heidegger's suggestion is that the old Greek sense of *Alitheia* has been forgotten and we should pay attention to this loss. He frequently turned to language to find insight into the questions that presented themselves to him.

Bauen Wohnen Denken asks about our word *Building, Bauen*. Neither my tasting of the Felsina Berardenga and Badia a Coltibuono nor the meaning of *Bauen* is as simple as it seems. We think of building in relation to dwelling as a means to an end. We construct houses as places in which we dwell. For Heidegger language can tell us the nature of a thing if we respect the nature of language. We get a clearer indication about what building *originally* meant, Heidegger suggests, when we consider the Old English and High German predecessor to building, *buan*. *Buan* meant to dwell. The *Oxford English Dictionary* gives an etymology consistent with Heidegger's analysis. Our word *build* originated, says the *OED*, in the Old English *bold*, a dwelling. The Old English *bold* gave rise to the Old English *byldan* to build, and then to Middle English *bylden, bilden*. The *OED* says the two fundamental senses of build are thus "to construct a dwelling" and "to take up one's abode, dwell". *Buan, Bold dwelling* came first. The *OED*'s discussion of abode / abide tells us that to abide is to wait or expect and abode is the action of waiting. For Heidegger, our language tells us the original meaning of *buan* is to remain, to stay in one place. This original sense of *buan* has been lost to the more recent sense of build understood as to construct. The *OED*'s actual definition of build further supports Heidegger's insight about the forgetting of dwelling as the original meaning. The first *OED* definition of build is "to construct a building" and then gives the following:

a. *trans. orig.* To construct for a dwelling; to erect (a house), make (a nest). Hence, To erect, construct (any work of masonry), and by extension, To construct by fitting together of separate parts; chiefly with reference to structures of considerable size, as a ship or boat, a carriage, an organ, a steam-engine (not, e.g. a watch or a piano).

The (modern) meaning of build as a fitting together of separate arts is in this definition abundantly clear. Dwelling, staying in one place, though not lost, has become concealed.

Heidegger takes this idea one step further. Dwelling in modern usage is thought as simply one of the many things we do. We also work, conduct business, celebrate. Typically we work in one place, celebrate in another and dwell in another. If we allow the word *Bauen* to speak in its original way we realize that it reaches even more broadly. *Bauen* is connected, for Heidegger, to forms of *Being, Sein*. "*Ich bin* (I am)", "*Du bist* (you are)" indicate *in how they sound* their connection to *Bauen, Buan*. "*Ich bin*" originally meant "I dwell". The *OED* in its presentation about Being provides support for this suggestion too. Although the *OED* first says the etymology of Being was formed within English, it then gives the following definitions:

T a. Existence in relationship to some place or condition; (formerly also) presence (obs.). Now somewhat rare.
e. A home, a dwelling, a place of abode. Now rare.

For Heidegger, this connection between *buan* and Being tells us, if we listen adequately, that saying "*Ich bin*", "*Du bist*" says that we humans have our being on this earth as dwellers. Dwelling is not simply one action among many that we do. To be a human being means to be on the earth as a mortal: it means to stay in a place and to wait, to expect, to dwell. Out of dwelling arises many different things we do such as work (that might consist of constructing), or worship or playing games. When one speaks of listening to our language such listening includes both hearing the similarity of the sounds

– buan bin being. It also means understanding that those similar sounds tell us of shared meanings.

dwelling poetically

There is a further sharing of sound / word / meaning here. Having brought our word *bauen* building back to its concealed primal meaning we can discover, says Heidegger, that *bauen* dwelling also means to cherish and protect, to preserve and care for. Specifically *bauen* dwelling means to till the soil and cultivate the vine. Here again the shared sounds / meaning is heard in the German *Bauer*, farmer, peasant.

The question that might arise at this point is, "Where have we strayed to?" We have indeed wandered away from the usual ways one talks about building (or about tasting). Building seems not simply a fitting together of separate parts and neither does tasting seem simply an analysis of an experience into its separate parts. Language makes a further suggestion worthy of thought. The adjectival form of *Wohnen*, *Gewohnt* means usual and tells us that dwelling is something usual, indeed fundamental for humans. Heidegger was specifically interested in his lecture in tracing the meaning of building back to its original meaning because he wanted to understand in the most profound way how we might think about building. His path led him back through building to dwelling and then through dwelling to Being. Another lecture, given two months after *Bauen Wohnen Denken*, uses for its title a line from a poem by Friedrich Hölderlin, *...dichterisch wohnet der Mensch...* (... humans dwell poetically...). The full phrase from the poem could be rendered into prose as "...the measure of human beings is that we dwell poetically on this earth even if there is also much merit in the ways we serve..."

There is an essential connection between building dwelling thinking and to emphasize their necessary connection Heidegger does not in his essay separate the three by comma punctuation as if they were a list of separable things.

Can wine and taste also open us a path back into our innermost being as dwellers on this earth? I cannot provide, as Heidegger does, a path through language for my connecting tasting dwelling thinking. Language, one can say, spoke to Heidegger. Language, poetic or not, was for Heidegger one path back into the truth of Being. He responded to the thinking that arises in poetry like Hölderlin's or Rilke's, recognizing that their poetic thinking grows out of Being and reaches back into the truth of Being. Any thing that has Being, any being, could offer us such a path. We feel called upon to respond in this way, nevertheless, by very few things. What about the thinking that calls to us through taste? My attention was pulled to the taste of one and then a second simple Chianti Classico. Heidegger may have responded to simpler language than that of Hölderlin or Rilke but these poets provided paths we know Heidegger felt inclined to follow. I can say the something similar. Bartolo Mascarello's 1982 Barolo has been at times a wine of Kantian beauty worthy of contemplation. It also presented to me an invitation to think about taste. Speaking to me first as something beautiful, it now speaks about taste in an even more fundamental way. I have had the good fortune to taste that wine many times in its 33 year history. When first released it stood out among its peers as one of the best. Wanting to educate my palate on the lifespan of such wines I tried many of the 82's and cellared the ones I expected to mature well. I learned from the initial tastings that Barolo is an extremely difficult wine to appreciate when young. Following those in my cellar has taught me that it is even harder to imagine the maturing of Barolo. These observations are, again, part of the normal experience of wine. There is more to the story.

If we respond to the appeal of taste when it calls upon us for different kinds of thinking, we may find a path back into the truth of Being. One call to us to connect taste

and Being presents itself intuitively. Such an invitation can be seen in experiences like mine in tasting a simple Chianti. I found myself dwelling upon the taste of one simple wine but then moving beyond the uncanniness of that individual thing to the experience of taste as such. Heidegger's analysis of *Bauen* *Buon* took us to dwelling as staying in one place, waiting, expecting. Abode we noted is the act of waiting. The story of the wine journey I am telling connects directly to this sense of who we are as humans. Starting with the question What's this? about that 1947 Giacomo Borgogno Barolo Riserva (Ch.1) I soon had a cellar where I became a dweller waiting on wines to mature. expecting them to mature. And in examples like the 1982 Podere Marcarini Barolo Brunate and the 1978 Podere Aldo Conterno Barolo Bricco Bussia Vigna Cicala I tasted the outcomes waited upon though not exactly as expected. A similar suggestion that taste has deeper roots than we ordinarily acknowledge came at dinner one evening in an extraordinary harmony between a simple moussaka and an equally simple 2012 Tommasi Valpolicella Ripasso. The moussaka was as expected, hearty and uncomplicated. The Valpolicella was not the style of ripasso I prefer and on most occasions would have paid attention to the faults I taste in it (over-extracted, overly fruity, too alcoholic). Their ensemble taste was nothing simple or ordinary; it was in its own way perfect. And in that experience I again found the opening of a path through taste to Being. It was an experience of presence as were the tastes of those Chiantis.

Taste speaks to us at first as a passion when we discover its presence in ourselves. We cannot say why taste matters so much to us, only that it does. It does not arise because of a choice we make. The uncanny quality of the significance of the taste of individual things and the profound importance of taste itself together call to us in our life-long human quest to gather the meaning of things. Heidegger suggests in his lecture on building that the deeper meanings of dwelling are not lost to us; they have, however, become silent in modern speech. Is there is a co-relative oblivion of taste?

Let us follow Heidegger a bit more as he pursues his search for the forgotten thinking found in building and dwelling. He turns to one more old word that means to dwell: the Old Saxon *wuon*, Gothic *wunian*. The OED's record of *Wuon* occurs in the verb *won/wone* and is consistent with Heidegger's suggestions. *Wuon* is dwelling that includes staying in one place as does *buan*. *Wuon* adds being at peace or untroubled. Recall the OED definition of *build* quoted earlier as making a nest. While there is an important sense in *wuon* of freedom as protection from danger, the fundamental character of *wuon* is rather allowing something to be what it is. Dwelling is the staying in one place, the waiting that allows each thing its presence. Tasting Bartolo Mascarello's 82 Barolo on so many occasions over such a long time frame has given me a unique staying in place. Each time I have tasted the wine it has had a presence. And these many presences have been decidedly different. After the initial taste experience that seemed so superb for the wine at that stage, I was surprised at a subsequent trial to find that the wine seemed so different. One might have wondered how it could be the same wine. I am not talking about the usual awkward stage that wines go through in their adolescence. What was most striking about this wine was that it went through multiple presences where it seemed of the highest quality at one point followed by a precipitous drop in quality followed by another peak in quality. My dwelling with this wine in one place has allowed me to see the wine as being every one of these things. It has had many presences of remarkably different quality. It is, to use another Heideggerian idea, something whose truth has I come into unconcealment in numerous presences.

One way to look at this cumulative experience of Mascarello's Barolo would be to follow Jancis Robinson's approach in *Vintage Timecharts*. I cellared this wine and others of the same vintage because I wanted to follow them developing over a lifespan as Robinson does. While the idea behind these timecharts has long been and remains part of my regular understanding of fine wine, my path here is less familiar. What stands out for

me as I consider the taste experiences of that Macxarello Barolo is that each is more important as a single, separate experience. Those separate experiences are more established in my memory than is any merging of them into a summarized whole graphed as quality / time. For Heidegger we are called upon to think about Being when we respond to the appeal of its presence. I am inclined to say there is an appeal of the presence of Being in those separate taste experiences of Mascarello's 1982 Barolo. I would likewise say there was a appeal of the presence of Being in that Berardenga Chianti Classico and in the harmonious taste of that moussaka with the Tommasi Valpolicella Ripasso. There is dwelling in such taste experiences. It is a staying in place, a waiting that lets what is present remain in the openness of that very presence. This is to cherish and protect as wuon characterizes dwelling.

Bauen includes cherishing and protecting as does Wuon but Bauen a;so tells of the farmer Bauer tilling the soil and the cultivation of the vine. The coltura of the vine allows the fruit to ripen as it does by its own nature. The making of wine is caring that allows the natural transformation of grapes into wine to follow its own path. Grapes and wine are allowed to come into their own presence and that presence can be found in the taste of a single wine. Being makes an appeal to us concretely in experiences like my tasting the last bottle of that 1982 Mascarello Barolo.

Heidegger hears our old words buon, wuan say that humans make dwelling into taking care and preserving when we stay with things. This staying with things means allowing things as things to be as they are in their presence. We do this specifically by nursing and nurturing things that grow and by making in a special way things that do not grow. Staying with a 1978 E. Pira e Figli Barolo Riserva provided me with a special taste experience of setting Nebbiolo grapes free into their presence. The label tells us of nurturing vines and making wine in a special way. "Ottenuto da uve nebbiolo selezionate, pigiate a piedi, dei propri vigneti in: Cannubi, S. Lorenzo, Prea, Vignane, Via Nuova".

This was the last wine made by Luigi Pira. Instead of seeing this statement as boilerplate I hear its language express essential things. Selected grapes from Pira's own vineyards were started on their path to fine wine by being crushed in the proper way – by human feet rather than by a machine. Pigate a piedi also tells us Pira was a proud traditionalist. His wines were the best expression of that style I have tasted (along with G. Conterno's Monfortino and Fillippo Sobrero). The label speaks of the caring that was the essence of Luigi Pira's winemaking. Like the Bartolo Mascarello's, Pira's label names individual vineyards (including two of the same) from which the grapes were carefully selected. The Pira 1978 Riserva had a presence entirely its own. I call it artisanal purity. One could, in a more usual way of thinking about wine, consider that artisanal purity one pinnacle for Barolo. An individual artisanal Nebbiolo purity was granted the freedom to come into presence.



Pira did not have much inclemency in 1978 to cope with as Marcarini had in that 1994 Brunate. Pira let the blessing of that season produce a longer than usual aged Riserva. Pira did not make a Riserva in either 1971 or 1974, the two previous fine vintages he had to work with before he died. Making a Riserva only in 1978 suggests the care of letting each vintage come into its own presence as opposed to following a routine. Marcarini made a very unusual, even longer-aged Riserva Speciale Barolo Brunate in 1974. Pira made connections in his winemaking between the character of the grapes from specific vineyards he owned and the weather of each vintage. This is a staying with things that is caring as dwelling. He also connected the presence of the grapes he had in each year to a special way of making each wine. The connection of vineyard, weather and

wine-making comes to presence in a taste of Pira's 1978 Barolo Riserva. Tasting Dwelling Thinking have a necessary connection to each other in that they grow out of Being and reach back into the truth of Being. They call to us in the taste of a Pira and a Mascarello Barolo.

Title Page Image

Glen Cebulash, "Bologna" 2020 Cut paper 12 1/2 × 16 1/2 in 31.8 × 41.9 cm
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